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AFTER THE GRIP—WHAT?

You thought you had the best of the grip and you determined to wear it off; but somehow it does not wear off as you expected. You pass restless, sleepless nights and get up in the morning feeling more exhausted than when you retired. You are irritable and nervous and have no appetite for food. You go about it in a listless, halfhearted sort of way, and everything you undertake to do seems to go wrong. Do you know that you are on the verge of nervous prostration? You need help; and you need it more now than you did when the grip was at its worst.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is the best medicine you can get to build up your shattered nerves and restore your wasting strength. It invariably insures sound sleep and gives the overstrung nerves their natural rest. It makes the appetite keen, facilitates the digestion, gives healthful vitality to the nerves and restores health.

"I was nervous, restless, irritable and altogether out of sorts. It was impossible to get my natural sleep and I became so weak and exhausted that I could not leave my bed. Finally I commenced taking Dr. Miles' Nervine and I began to improve from the first dose. In a short time my health was completely restored."

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A trial package of Dr. Miles' favorite treatment for the grip, consisting of Dr. Miles' Nervine, Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and Dr. Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills, will be sent absolutely free of cost to any person sending name and address on a postal card, requesting the samples, and mentioning the name of this paper. Address, Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

We Are Still At the Old Stand.

We are still at the old stand ready to welcome all who may favor us with a call. We also make the announcement to our friends and customers and public generally, that after the snow gets off the ground we have mules and horses that must be sold at some price. All we want is for a man to come and say he wants to buy a horse or mule and we will sell him.

We are Headquarters

For good and cheap MULES and HORSES. We have always on hand a line of Buggies and Harness, Plow, Bridles, Slip Harness, etc., that will compare in quality and price with any on this or neighboring markets.

We Come Again

Under a new firm name, We are sorry to part with our genial and popular partner, L. M. Clyburn; but introduce to you in his stead our popular young townsman, John Crawford, who will take pleasure in waiting upon our customers. Give us a call. We guarantee all stock sold, and will leave nothing undone to give satisfaction.

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Husband and Wife Shot Down by a Dispensary Constable.

On Saturday night, about 6:30 o'clock in Columbia, the State Capital, a very deplorable shooting affray took place, in which a man and his wife were shot down by a dispensary constable. The sad affair occurred just across the street from the Governor's Mansion. The following account of the tragedy is taken from the Columbia State, Sunday, Feb. 26:

The people of Columbia were much excited last night to learn that Mr. John Stuart had been shot in his own home by dispensary constables. Mr. Stuart has for a number of years been employed as a salesman in Minnaugh's clothing store, and he has a number of friends in the city and in Lexington, his native county. The report that he had been shot naturally created strong feeling against those who had committed the deed, and was made a hundred fold more bitter because of the fact that his wife, too, had been shot in the door of their home. The cause of the whole affair seems to be that Mr. Stuart was accused of running a blind tiger. This is quite a revelation to those who have known him well. His employer, Mr. J. L. Minnaugh, Mr. McSorley, head salesman in the dry goods store, and Mr. Bennett, head salesman in the clothing store, all speak in the highest terms of Mr. Stuart. They were shocked to hear of even a suspicion against him, and, as were all the employees in the store, were grieved to hear of the sad and unfortunate affair.

Mr. Stuart's wounds are not necessarily dangerous. The ball, a 44 calibre, entered his mouth, knocking out three teeth on the upper left jaw, passing through his tongue and out of the back of his neck.

Mrs. Stuart is hurt more seriously. Indeed her condition is extremely critical. The ball, also a 44 calibre, entered just below and to the right of the left nipple, going through the body and lodging in the left of the spinal column, where it was extracted by Dr. L. B. Owens, who was the first physician summoned. It was apparent from the very first that her condition was very dangerous. At 11 o'clock she was removed to the hospital, where she was attended by Drs. Taylor, Owens and Dubose. Her recovery is regarded as almost hopeless, as an exceedingly difficult and dangerous operation was performed.

The home which has been so suddenly visited by this sadness is situated on Laurel street, just beyond Shields' foundry, and across the street from the governor's mansion. The family consisted of the father and mother, now prostrate from the unexpected bullets, and three little children, the oldest of them a girl of twelve.

Constable Crawford, originally from Laurens, is accused of the crime. He has been on the force, as he expresses it, ever since Ben Tillman was governor. When asked if he had been charged with such a crime before, he stated that he had never been directly implicated, but he had been with raiding squads which had killed people.

He was equipped with a search warrant, obtained from Magistrate Clarkson, authorizing him to rummage Mr. Stuart's house in search of liquor kept in violation of the dispensary law. In executing this warrant, he shot both Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, and he himself received a bullet in the left arm.

From all appearances, and from those in a position to know, the constable was drinking, and this may have added insolence to his official officiousness.

The harrowing crime occurred

yesterday afternoon at 7 o'clock. Mr. Stuart was unable to make a statement, as he was shot in the mouth. Mrs. Stuart was from the first recognized to be in a very dangerous condition, and the physician refused to let any one see or talk to her. She was so weak that she could tell no coherent story of the horrible affair.

The only eye witnesses were Israel, a deformed Negro, who cares for Mr. Stuart's horses, and Mr. Stuart's oldest child, a girl of 12 years. Putting it all together, it appears that Constables Coleman, Dorn and Crawford went to the house about 6:30 o'clock to search the premises for whiskey said to be there. Mrs. Stuart refused to let them search the house, and sent for her husband. When Mr. Stuart arrived he was very much enraged, and positively refused to let the premises be searched. Crawford is then said to have slapped Mr. Stuart's face, and the altercation ensued. So far as can be learned none of the other constables used their fire arms.

The constables were accompanied by J. B. Cooley, formerly an employe at Minnaugh's store, and recently a guard at the penitentiary. He says that he is expecting a commission as a dispensary constable.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

The following is from the Columbia Evening Record of February 27:

The city has quieted down to normal conditions since the excitement Saturday night, although there is a feeling of deep indignation over the affair.

Mrs. Stuart died yesterday afternoon at 5:20 o'clock at the hospital. Early yesterday morning the physician had given up all hope of her recovery, and she gradually sank until death relieved her. Her body was removed to her late residence last night. Her death is indeed a sad and pitiable one. Her husband could not be with her when the end came, owing to his own wounds, and the little children are too young to realize the meaning of the awful tragedy.

The constables are in the penitentiary. It is conceded that no one fired a shot but Crawford, but Dorn and Coleman will be held as accessories. Cooley was not in the fight, though he went with the other constables, remaining on the street outside.

Constable Dorn especially seemed to have exerted himself to keep Crawford from shooting, as he could hardly have fired at Mr. Stuart without hitting his wife. But Crawford had been struck on the arm by a bullet fired by some one and he returned it and the horrible result feared by Constable Dorn happened. Mrs. Stuart was mortally wounded.

Mr. Stuart was a member of the Washington Street church, and her funeral was appointed to be held at 1 o'clock this afternoon. Rev. W. R. Richardson, pastor of the church, was to officiate at the religious ceremony.

Coroner Green held an inquest at 12 o'clock.

The following jury was drawn: L. L. L. Ballman, foreman; Alex. J. Jones, C. N. Platt, J. M. Moore, E. L. Duncan, G. E. Moore, S. J. Barnett, R. E. Houghman, J. A. Laval, S. L. Sweeney, Wm. Platt, W. H. Griffin, E. L. Oham, H. C. Linn.

The first witness was Israel Harris, colored. He testified that Saturday evening, at about 6:30 o'clock, he and Mr. Stuart came up to his house and saw three men standing on the porch. He recognized Mr. Crawford. There were three men. He is a whiskey

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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

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spy. Mr. Stuart walked up the steps and asked them what they were doing there. They said we came to search the house, as he heard Stuart was running a "blind."

Stuart said he didn't run a "blind," and that the constables couldn't search the house unless they walked over his dead body. Crawford said he would if he had to kill him or burn him up in his house. They had some words with his fist. Stuart fell and Crawford struck him twice on the head with his pistol. About this time Mrs. Stuart came out and rushed in between the men and said: "Don't kill my husband." Crawford kept on throwing his pistol around. One of the constables with sandy hair told Crawford not to shoot, but he fired. Mrs. Stuart fell at the first shot to her knees and said "you have killed me." Crawford shot over her shoulder and shot Mr. Stuart in the month. By this time Mrs. Stuart grabbed a bucket of water and threw it over Crawford. Mr. Stuart fell next to a table. Mrs. Stuart said "you have killed my husband." Stuart had a pistol but did not use it. He was standing about two feet behind his wife. Mrs. Stuart got the pistol and shot at Crawford who was walking down the steps. She shot at him four times. He couldn't tell whether she hit him or not. All the constables then left. Crawford emptied his pistol while shooting, and in all about ten shots were fired. None of the other constables did any shooting. He said "didn't hear any of the constables ask Crawford to go away before the shooting. He couldn't say whether any of them were drunk or not. Crawford was talking rough. He didn't say anything to Mrs. Stuart.

Coroner Green read the following statement, made to him by a daughter of Mr. Stuart. It was made under oath. Her name is Alice and she is thirteen years old. She said that two white men came to the house Saturday evening and asked her where Israel was. She told them that he had not been there for a week. The two men then went off. They came back with two others. She said that the tall man (Crawford) had knocked her father down after he had refused to allow them to search. Before that they had asked her mother to allow them to search. She told them they couldn't; sent for Mr. Geiger and asked him to go for Mr. Stuart. He did so.

After Crawford knocked down her father he shot him. Her father shot once. After her father fell her mother picked up the pistol and fired three times. The tall man was still firing and her mother did not know she was shot. She tried to revive father, as he had fainted. She threw water on him, then walked into her room and fainted herself. Her clothes were on fire. The constables went off.

Dr. L. B. Owens described the course of the bullet, showing that it had entered just below the

back. It cut an intestine and a large blood vessel. The primary cause of death was the gunshot wound and the secondary cause, hemorrhage. She was not enceinte.

The jury expressed itself as being satisfied with the evidence, in so far as arriving at a verdict was concerned and no further testimony was taken.

After a short determination the following verdict was returned:

We, undersigned jurymen, find that one Mrs. John M. Stuart, came to her death from a gunshot wound inflicted by the hand of one W. R. Crawford, with fully and maliciously, and that J. C. Dorn, J. B. Cooley and J. B. Coleman are accessories to the crime.

The inquest was held at Shields' foundry. There were few people present outside of jurors and witnesses.

MOTHER'S Trusted Friend, Simmons Squaw Vine Wine or Tablets. Prepare the System for Confinement, Shorten Labor and make Childbirth Easy.

McLAURIN'S DENIAL.

He Says there is no Truth in the Report that he is to be Made a Circuit Judge to Pay him for his Vote in Favor of the Treaty.

Washington, Feb. 26.—Senator McLaurin says there is not the slightest foundation in the rumor that he may be appointed by the President to succeed Judge Simonton in the event of the latter's retirement from the Bench. The report seems to have been started by some of Senator McLaurin's political enemies because of his vote in favor of the ratification of the peace treaty. Senator McLaurin says the report is hardly worth dignifying with a denial, and the first he heard of it was in a letter he received yesterday from a personal friend in South Carolina, who stated that such a report was being circulated in certain parts of the State.—*News and Courier.*

BEARING DOWN Sensations, Internal Heat and Female Weakness are cured by use of Simmons Squaw Vine Wine or Tablets.

Mr. Frank Phillips, who lives several miles out of town, and a negro named Nathan Pond, became involved in a difficulty near the residence of policeman Catoe, as they were going out of town Saturday evening. Mr. Phillips used a pistol and the negro a knife. Mr. Phillips received several cuts about the neck and face, one of the which penetrated the jaws making an ugly wound on the side of the face. The negro was shot 11 times, none of the wounds being necessarily fatal. The wounds of Mr. Phillips, who returned to town, were dressed by Drs. Gregory and Beckham, and those of the negro, who went the other way, by Dr. Brasington at the Mine.

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